

## ZERELDA'S STORY.

The Safe Return of Miss Garrison to Her Home.

Thrilling Story Related by the Young Lady Concerning Her Abduction.

St. Louis, January 14.—Concerning the young lady who so mysteriously disappeared a few days since from her home and who has been restored, the *Republican* publishes the story given by the young lady herself.

It says: If there be happiness nowhere upon all this earth, there is more than enough to-day to gladden all hearts at the home of Mrs. Oliver Garrison, No. 3441 Pine street. For she who was lost has been found. Thorns of grief have given place to bright blossoms of joy, and Miss Zerelda Garrison is in the bosom of her family. At about half-past eight o'clock last night D. K. Ferguson took Miss Garrison to the home of her grandparents. The tears of the young lady had been flowing till their source was almost dry, but they gushed forth anew in streams of pure joy when the young girl threw herself into the arms of her mother.

There is no longer any doubt about the true state of the case. It is even as was written in yesterday's *Republican* as the most probable solution and the one most to be desired, fraught as it is with no touch of those suspicious which it had made men's flesh creep to picture.

The story as told by Miss Garrison to her mother, with a straightforwardness and clearness that leave the strongest certainty of the truth in every particular, is as follows:

"After leaving the cars," said Miss Garrison, "I continued along Carondelet avenue, as directed to do by the man at the terminus, until I reached the corner of the street on which there stands a large brick building with a yard and carriage drive in front of it. I think there was a sign over the gate: 'The Alexian Brothers' Hospital. Just across the street from this edifice were some small houses, out of one of which I saw two men come. One of these men, who was tall, a blonde, and heavy—"

"About how heavy?"

"Of course I do not know, but think he would weigh 200 pounds. This man came faster than the other, and when he reached me the second man was some distance behind him."

"But do you remember what the second man was like?"

"I did not notice him closely, but only know that he was a short man, much smaller than the one who preceded him. I was walking rather fast when the first man came up to me and spoke to me, saying:

"Where are you going, young lady?"

"I was annoyed and frightened at his approach, and answered him:

"None of your business. Then I walked more briskly, but he kept pace with me, saying:

"Well, you needn't be so pert! I know where you're going. It's to the convent; but come with me. I will take you to a better place than that."

"When he had said this I became more frightened and started to run, in order to escape from him. Then he caught hold of me by my shoulder, and placed a handkerchief or napkin, which was moistened with chloroform, over my nose and mouth. Almost immediately I lost consciousness, for I know that though I tried hard to remove the cloth which he held to my face, I was unable to do so, for the hand which I raised fell powerless to my side. From this moment I can no longer remember what occurred to me, until when I regained my senses, I found myself in a strange room, in a strange house and in a locality which I had never seen before. I did not know whether I was still in St. Louis or had been carried to some other city. I looked around me and saw food and wine on a table together with illustrated papers and paper backed books, which I afterwards discovered to be novels, some of which were translations from the French. These the tedium of my imprisonment could not force me to read, even if I had not been made almost insane by the drugs which had been given me and the thoughts of my position. A little while after I recovered a woman came to me. I heard the door unlock before she entered, and when she came in I attempted to rise and spring towards her, asking her what was the meaning of my being in that place. Voice I had, but scarcely strength enough to move from where I was lying. The woman came towards me and asked me if I did not feel better and if I would not take some wine. Again I asked her to tell me why I was in that place."

"Then she addressed me as 'Mrs. Arnold,' and said: 'Don't you know that I will tell you. Don't you know that your husband brought you here, that you might be taken care of?'"

"My husband!" exclaimed I. "What do you mean, woman? I have no husband."

"But she only smiled at this, and turning around poured some wine into a glass and offered it to me. This I refused, fearing that it had been drugged. The woman left the room, saying she would return soon and bring me some food. When she left the room she looked the door on the outside and took the key with her."

"After awhile the man who had spoken to me on the street came into the room and gave me to understand that I need remain quiet where I was; that he intended to do me no harm, but was keeping me in the hope of obtaining money from my relatives to be paid to him when he surrendered me. He then told me to write to my family, telling them that I was detained and could not come to them till the man who had taken me had been paid money for giving me up, and that if I did not write, and if they did not send or promise to give the money, that he would kill me. I tried to write, but was not strong enough to do so. Seeing my weakness, he said he would give me another opportunity the next day, and then left me. The woman came in soon after he had gone, and placed food before me. Being very faint, I took a piece of bread and drank some coffee."

"The next day the man came to me again and again told me to write. With his assistance, for he held my hand and dictated what I must write, I was enabled to make out the letter which I sent. This was yesterday (Thursday) for I was shown a paper of that date. This afternoon the woman

came to me, and showing me a newspaper, said: 'This answers your description. Is your name Garrison?' 'Yes,' I said, and read what had been published concerning me. Then the woman, having been deliberating with herself, while I was reading the account in the newspaper, said:

"Well, young lady, I am sorry that I have had any hand in keeping you here, but I shall do one good deed in my life, even if they kill me for it. I will let you out of here by the door that leads into the alley. When you are in the alley, go along to the street in that direction, (pointing to the left of the gate) till you come to the street, then turn to your right, keep straight on and you will come to the police station. There you will be safe. She then took me to the rear door, which she opened, and I left her."

"Being dazed and very much afraid that I would be pursued and overtaken, I must have disregarded or forgotten her directions, for I ran, not knowing whither, till good fortune brought me to the police station. To the men at the station I told my story—whether it was clear to them, and whether I told it as I have to you, I do not know. Even now I hardly feel that I am myself. From the drugs which they gave me, from the unspeakable agony of mind which I suffered during the days I passed in that horrible place; and from my great joy at being restored once more, my brain whirls, my senses swim and I feel that I am able to do nothing but weep."

This is Miss Garrison's story, and every honest heart must feel its truth. The whole city, nay, the country, rejoices with the young lady and her family, that the very worst case it is, and all is well—for all has ended well.

## DAVITT'S TROUBLES.

Assaulted by a Mob While Attempting to Speak at Oldham.

London, January 14.—Davitt appeared at Oldham last evening to deliver an address on the Irish question. When he commenced to speak he was howled down by an organized gang who attempted to storm the platform, but were repulsed with chairs by the occupants of the platform. A free fight followed, chairs, legs and brass knuckles being the principal weapons. Many persons were hurt. Davitt called the disturbers a cowardly crew and declared that twenty men would follow him to the gallows. He then advanced toward the mob, but was restrained by a policeman. Addressing his opponents again, Davitt said they were miserable, contemptible, cowardly dogs. When they were sitting in the taverns, he said, he was fighting the British government. They were drunk blackguards and a disgrace to the name of Nationalists. If Ireland were made up of such she would earn the contempt of the civilized world. He had traveled throughout England, and Englishmen, although his enemies, had given him a hearing. "What a spectacle for England," he exclaimed, "was afforded by these professors of blackguardism at a time when Ireland was asking for self-government."

The police finally succeeded in removing the disturbers from the hall. A vote of thanks to Davitt was then passed, and the meeting shortly afterwards adjourned.

## DEATH OF A JOURNALIST.

Philadelphia, January 15.—James Sailer, for many years financial editor of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, died this morning.

## INTENSELY COLD.

Chicago, Ill., January 15.—Reports from the northwestern blizzards in Dakota, Minnesota, northern Wisconsin and Iowa say a number of people have been frozen to death and lost in the snow, and travel is much delayed.

## A STRIKE.

London, January 14.—The employees of the Caledonia Company struck. Only ten of forty engines in the Hamilton depot can be used. Five hundred men paraded in Hamilton to-day prior to quitting the town for Glasgow.

## ASSASSIN'S KNIVES.

Dublin, January 14.—Knives supposed to be used by the Phoenix Park assassins were found near the premises of Carey of the Dublin University, charged with two hundred others, charged with conspiracy by government officials.

## SNOWED UNDER.

Albany, Pa., January 15.—Frame structures, six hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, belonging to McKee & Fuller, car manufacturers of Fullerton, fell under the weight of snow on the roof. Several cars and engines in the building were ruined. Loss \$12,000.

## THE ROYAL PARTY.

Louisville, January 14.—Princess Louise, marquise of Lorne and party arrived from St. Louis, via the Ohio and Mississippi, this evening at 8:29 and left at 7:30 p. m. on the Chesapeake and Ohio for Richmond, Virginia, going thence to Savannah and Charleston.

## DERAILED BY SNOW.

Milwaukee, January 14.—It is reported from Hudson, Wisconsin, that the River Falls train was thrown from the track last night near Glover's Station, while ploughing its way through the snow drifts. Geo. Lawson, engineer, had his leg broken, and sustained serious internal injuries. The fireman was more or less bruised. The wrecking crew went out to the scene and was nearly all day getting the train back on the line again. The roads in this vicinity have been badly blocked all week.

## FOREIGN NOTES.

Nice, January 15.—Large crowds visited Garibaldi's tomb yesterday.

Berlin, January 15.—Baron Walszen, a German writer, is dead.

Pesth, January 15.—The Danube has subsided everywhere above Mahall on the west arm of the river, but fugitives cannot return because their houses are destroyed or filled with ice.

Galway, January 15.—Patrick Higgins, one of the murderers of the Huddys, was hanged this morning. A few persons were outside of the jail at the time of the execution.

## FURIOUS FLAMES.

Another Holocaust Added to the Horrible Chapter Not Yet Closed.

The Furious Flames Attack the Planter's House in St. Louis.

Four Men Banned to Death—The Work of Destruction Continues Elsewhere.

St. Louis, January 14.—It was just ten minutes past four o'clock this morning when the fireman in the engine room of the Planter's House discovered five coals dropping on the paved alley just outside the window. Going out he found the alley so densely filled with smoke that it was impossible to distinguish the locality which caused it. The coals, however, evidently came from the storeroom of the hotel, which is a part of a frame structure extending out across the alley of the second floor of an abutment on the large furniture warehouses of the auction house of the block of Tyler & Co. The fireman ran into the end of the alley, where gates enclosed it, making with the frame structure a long narrow room in which the smoke had accumulated. He succeeded in getting the gates open, thus creating a current which carried away some of the smoke, and then returned to try to extinguish the fire. He found, however, that it had a strong hold in the store room and kitchen, which is immediately under the boiler where he was at work. He gave an alarm, and in three minutes the hotel was a bedlam. Nearly 300 people filled with the horrible recollection of the Milwaukee holocaust were running hither and thither through the main corridor and down the several stairways into the office and street. The hotel employees acted with good nerve and promptness, rapping long and loud on every door in the house, and five minutes later, making a second trip to the roof, they were men in naught but their underclothes, women with but a night dress on and possibly a shawl or cloak over their shoulders, and little children hastily bundled in blankets or other wraps. A few wore shoes and a great many were in their bare feet. The lights of the *Republican* and *Globe-Democrat* offices and of a gambling house, all of which were within a distance of a block, led the half-crazed people to a temporary refuge of warmth, whence carriages in a few moments conveyed them to other hotels. Some of the scenes incident to this holocaust were quite thrilling, their effect, being intensified by the rattle, clang and shrieks of the engines and shouts of the firemen. Soon the main body of the hotel was cleared of guests and the building was in possession of the firemen who within twenty minutes, as a result of a second alarm, had thirteen engines at work. Meanwhile events in the rear of the building were of far more ugly character. The hotel, which is six stories in height, fronts on the west side of Fourth street, from Chestnut to Pine, while the wings run back on both Chestnut and Pine streets to a depth of half a block. Thus the main building forms three sides of a rectangle. The fourth side is formed by a four-story building forty years old, midway of which on the ground floor is the boiler room above referred to and kitchen on the floor above it. The two upper floors were occupied by the help of the house, some seventy-five in number. Alongside the boiler room a narrow stairway rises and winds to the roof, and the fire, which started very close to a draft in the stairway, and thus not only cut off escape by that means, but also formed a barrier which prevented those sleeping in the south half of the building from reaching another stairway at the north end; hence these unfortunate were almost smothered by smoke and were compelled to climb out on the roof of a frame structure which abutted over the alley and thence to jump or to lower themselves by means of a pulley rigged there for hoisting supplies. One poor fellow was seen to start down the stairway before the fire reached the third floor, and an hour later his crumpled corpse was found in the kitchen near the foot of the stairs. Another employee who, although answering to a call, seems to have been too much stupefied by smoke to get up, for two hours afterwards his dead body was found on the smoking mattresses of his bed. The female help all escaped by the stairway at the north end save one, who broke her ankle in jumping to the roof of a shed. The firemen made a grand fight, and nozzles were carried through the walls, were carried to where the flames were raging. Notwithstanding the inflammable nature of the building they succeeded in preventing the fire from extending beyond a distance of twenty feet from the point of its origin, but that space it burned, clear through the roof, destroying about ten rooms. The balance of the rear building was made uninhabitable by water, but the hotel proprietor did not suffer to the extent of a dollar. The fire crossed the alley to furniture warehouses, where the firemen had another fierce but short fight.

The damage to the hotel property is about \$10,000, and to an auction firm about \$20,000, all covered by insurance. This evening workmen, in clearing away the debris, found the charred body of a man amid the broken timbers at the foot of the stairway on the basement floor. It proved to be Henry Blahny, an employee over sixty years old, who as a boy served as chore boy in the hotel. The other dead men are Carlo Robble, S. A. Scullion and Dennis Reppone, a carver. The hotel is a very substantial structure, well provided with fire escapes and stairways, remote from each other, and even had the fire invaded it the progress would have been slow. There were two watchmen

in the main building. The origin of the fire is unknown. J. J. Gerard, the proprietor, who, two years ago remodeled the structure at great expense, announces a new kitchen to be in working order by Tuesday morning and that the National Furniture Men's Convention and banquet to take place there Wednesday will not be discommoded. The Planter's House was for a quarter of a century the best known hotel in the West, and its fame was extended by Charles Dickens' "American Notes."

Fire at Stoughton, Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis., January 14.—The *Sentinel's* special says a fire broke out at 4:30 yesterday evening in the great wagon and carriage works of F. G. Mann, at Stoughton, eighteen miles from Madison. The fire caught in the main building, which was totally destroyed, together with all the machinery. The loss is estimated at over \$100,000, insured for about \$70,000. The works will probably be rebuilt at once.

This morning at 3:55 a fire broke out in P. Gaffney's store at Neenah, Wisconsin, and consumed it and extended to Kimberly & Elmer's drug store on the west, rapidly burning that and to the Pettibone block on the east, containing the National Bank of Neenah, Lanning's fancy store, Baine's confectionery and others. The total loss is estimated at \$100,000, partially insured.

The *Sentinel's* special from Neenah says the loss at the fire will reach over \$100,000. The origin of the fire was undoubtedly incendiary, but particulars cannot be ascertained.

The Newhall Horror.

The call for volunteers at the exhumation of the bodies of the Newhall House ruins to-day turned out to be a fizzle, only two citizens responding. The regular paid force are hard at work despite the cutting northwesterly winds and extremely cold weather. Five charred bodies, beyond recognition, were taken out during the day, making eighteen charred bodies, in addition to thirty-three identified, or forty-one known to be dead in all. Mrs. Bridgton, the oldest employee of the hotel, is reported among the additional missing to-day, making forty-two bodies yet supposed to be in the ruins. Five bodies were buried to-day, among them T. B. Elliott, a prominent lawyer, who came to the hotel on the 3:30 p. m. train the morning of the fire, and half an hour later jumped from the fourth story window and broke both legs, injured his spine and died Friday. He was a prominent Mason, and a state representative to the United States Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. The funeral ceremonies were imposing. The mayor received Jay Gould's check for \$500 for the relief of the sufferers, and the Western Union Company's check for \$100. Local charity responded nobly, so that the action of three members of the council stands isolated. To-day the excavations from the Broadway front will reach the court in the rear of the office, and will be started near the west wall under the servants' quarters, where most of the bodies are supposed to be. The vacant store on Broadway will be filled temporarily as a morgue for the charred remains. To-day the Lincoln Guard (militia) was called out to guard the bodies at the ruins and to ward off the crowds of people, but only a few of the latter congregated at the scene. Extreme cold weather is prevailing. The funeral services were had at all the prominent churches to-day before crowded audiences.

More to Come.

St. Louis, Mo., January 15.—About one o'clock this morning the Suggan & Parker Hardware Company's works were destroyed by fire. Loss, \$40,000; insured for about \$25,000.

Serveus Zeldad, silver plater, who occupied the second floor of the building, lost \$2,500. Insured.

Chicago, Ill., January 15.—The works of the Chicago Smelting & Refining Company corner of Fourth and Clark streets, were totally destroyed by fire at four o'clock this morning. Loss, \$100,000; insurance, \$29,000.

Tarrytown, N. Y., January 15.—The fine residence of Samuel C. Lewis, having a frontage of 100 feet, together with all the furniture and pictures, was burned. Loss over \$100,000.

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Reader, you should go at once to your druggist and get a 25 cent box of BROWN'S ANKLE SALVE. If it fails once to cure any burn, old sore, ulcer, frost bite or inflamed sore eyes, your druggist will return your money. Positively warranted. For sale by T. W. Powell, E. M. Wells, L. N. Bruns, W. G. W. Dashwood and G. G. Pate, M. D., Fort Worth, Texas.

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